

FRENCH BEAT BACK GERMANS AND RECAPTURE LOST TRENCHES

# The Daily Mirror

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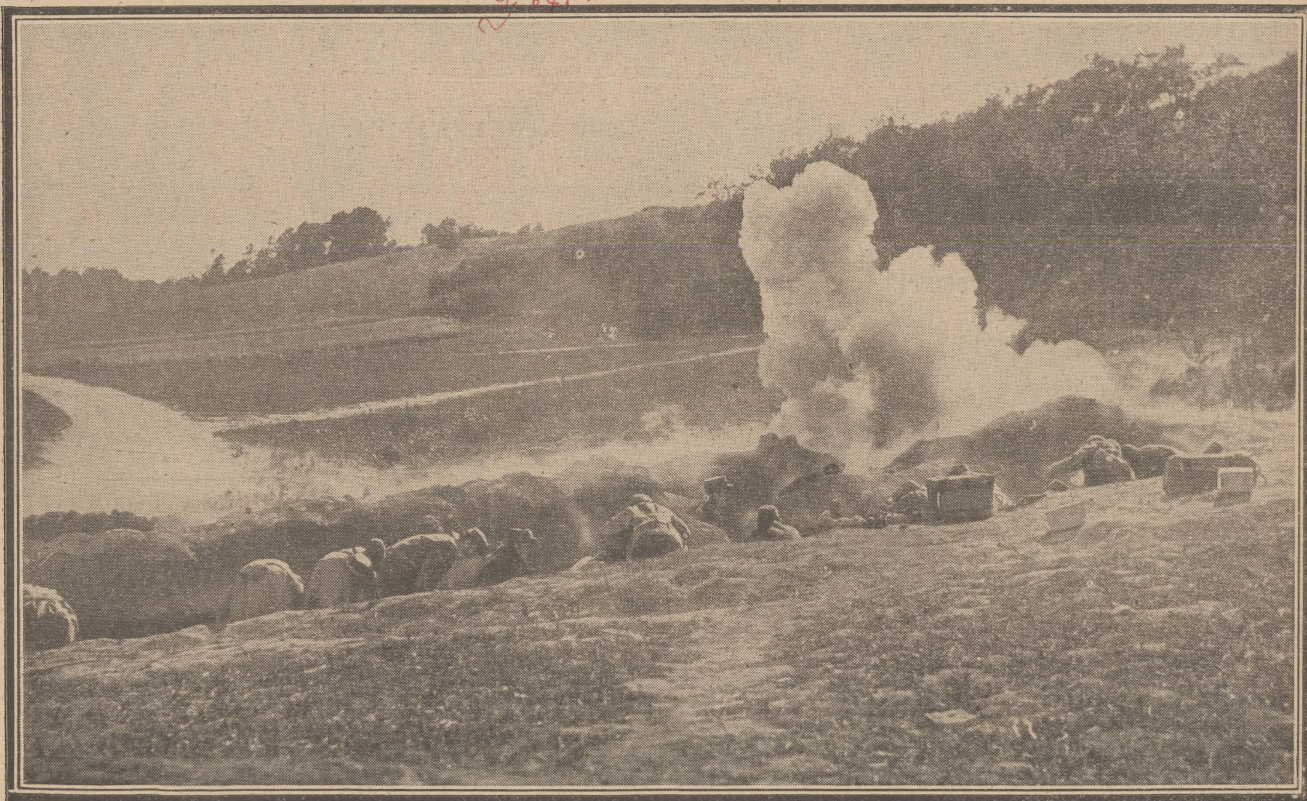
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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1916

One Halfpenny.

FRENCH BOMBARDIERS "GO TO SCHOOL": TAKING COVER  
WHEN A GRENADE EXPLODES.



The French bombardier learns his business in a realistic school, and the reader would, if unenlightened, take this for a battle picture. It was not taken at the front, however,

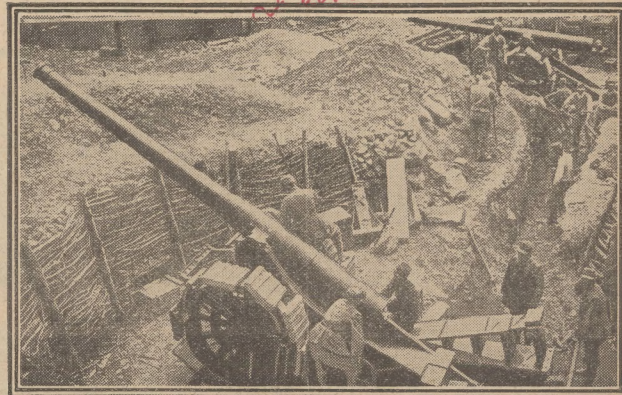
but during a "lesson" while the men were practising how to protect themselves when the grenade explodes.

## TYPES OF RUSSIAN REFUGEES.



These peasants bring their own jars for the rations given to them by the Russian authorities. Some prefer to eat their food in the open air or on the railway track outside the Red Cross station.

## A BATTERY'S "TRADE UNION DAY."



An Italian siege battery, after eight hours' continuous firing on the Isonzo front. The recent reports from Rome have chronicled much good work by our Allies' artillery. It is rumoured that Italy will shortly declare war on Germany.

## SHOULD WOMEN BE GIVEN ARMLETS?

Suggestion That Single Women Should Do State Work.

### "NOT GIVEN CHANCE."

Are there women "slackers"? The allegation made two days ago by a woman correspondent of *The Daily Mirror*—that there are "thousands and thousands of women 'slackers' who are indifferent to the war" has aroused general interest.

Letters poured in against the allegation and others confirming it are reaching *The Daily Mirror* Office by every post.

One "Woman Patriot" who agrees that "slackers" among her sex are not uncommon suggests:—

"Now that all the single men are being called up to help win this war, could not women also be called up to do their share?"

"Statistics show that before the war there were considerably over a million more women than men in the country, and, having regard to the huge casualty lists, this number must have almost doubled now.

### "IN IDLENESS."

"I propose that every single woman under thirty-six years of age employed on accredited war work shall have the honor of wearing an armband. In this way the innumerable women 'slackers' which the country can ill afford to keep in idleness would soon become extinct, as they would be ashamed to appear in public without an armband.

"I know of two healthy sisters who breakfast at 11 a.m., amuse themselves out of doors every afternoon and visit places of amusement in the evenings while their brother is fighting in the trenches. They never dream of doing anything for their country themselves."

"There are thousands of women only too anxious to do war work, but are not given the chance," writes another woman reader.

"Although a poor woman, I went to the trouble and expense when she broke out of joining the Red Cross and passed my examinations, for I had had much previous experience of hospital work."

"Then when I offered the Red Cross my services they sent me a heap of forms to fill in, and I had to answer a lot of silly questions, pass the doctor and worry my friends to write testimonials for me."

### "SERVICES NOT REQUIRED."

"Afterwards the Red Cross asked for an interview, and for this I paid the expenses of a long train journey to town and for my keep there."

"Then, two weeks after the interview, a note was sent to me saying that my services would not be required and no reason was given."

"Therefore the honour of wearing an armband will not be mine."

Miss Olive Jetley, the secretary of the Personal Information Department of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, contends that the woman slacker is practically non-existent.

"As a matter of fact," she told *The Daily Mirror*, "I spend a great deal of time most days trying to persuade patriotic women not to throw up expert and remunerative work in order to take up any kind of unskilled work."

### "NOT LAME IN THE MOUTH."

A slander action in which the name of a well-known boxer was introduced came before Mr. Justice Lawrence yesterday.

The plaintiff was Mrs. Ellen Weinberg, of East Ham, and the defendants were Mr. and Mrs. Bockenstein.

Plaintiff said that there had been bad feeling between Mrs. Bockenstein, who was her sister, and the other members of her family. Plaintiff claimed that Mr. Bockenstein shouted at her: "Who's the father of your baby?" and followed this by alleging that the father was a well-known boxer. "I put my bag down and flew at my sister," said Mrs. Weinberg, "and I beat her."

Counsel (cross-examining): Your sister is a much slimmer woman than you and lame!—Yes; but not in the mouth.

At the suggestion of the Judge counsel held a consultation with their clients, with the result that the action was not further proceeded with. Mr. Scarlett (for the defendant) stated that his client made no imputation upon plaintiff.

### KILLED A MONTH AFTER MARRIAGE.

A peculiar case was investigated at Tellington Coroner's Court yesterday at the inquest on Herbert Hall, forty-three, a private in the 13th Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment, who was killed by a London County Council tramway at Seven Sisters-road.

The widow said that on Saturday week deceased came home on four days' leave. He should have returned to camp, but did not do so. On Thursday she saw him in a train for camp.

They had only been married a month.

Evidence was given that on Friday night the deceased was found under a tramway car in Seven Sisters-road and died an hour later.

The inquest was adjourned.

### BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM BETTER.

The Bishop of Birmingham is recovering from a severe attack of laryngitis and is expected back in the diocese at the end of the week.

## LAUGHING 3,000.

The Queen Watches Happy Children Enjoy Drury Lane Pantomime.

### SMILES IN THE ROYAL BOX.

There were great doings at the Drury Lane pantomime yesterday afternoon.

Not only was the audience mainly composed of 3,000 happy children, small sons and daughters of soldiers and sailors, but in the royal box sat the Queen, Princess Mary and her brother, Prince Albert, Princess Arthur of Connaught and Princess Mary and Prince Rupert, the children of Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck.

Among the audience, too, were the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, Lady French, Lady Jellicoe and other well-known people.

With such an audience, naturally enough the company of "Puss in Boots" played as it had never played before. And probably it never had such an appreciative audience. Three thousand children, when they are amused by Mr. George Graves and Mr. Will Evans, produce a laugh in bulk that is not often heard in a theatre. The children were guests of the *Weekly Dispatch*.

And the more the children laughed the funnier the comedians became.

Up in the royal box royal children were laughing too; so was Queen Mary, who was not only interested in the stage, but in the happy children that filled the auditorium.

Her Majesty leaned forward again and again to smile at the happy youngsters.

Altogether the matinee was a triumph for Mr. Arthur Collins and the clever company at "The Lane."

Everybody seemed to have a thoroughly good time.

There was a large crowd outside the theatre to welcome the royal visitors.

### 'BETTER THAN TYPING.'

Happy Girl Conductor Who Fell from Omnibus and Was Killed.

"The night before she was killed she said she was as happy as a bird and would never go typing again."

This statement was made by a witness yesterday at a Westminster inquest on a woman omnibus conductor, Violetta Newman, thirty, of Battersea, who was killed by falling off her omnibus at Whitehall.

The mother said that her daughter was formerly a typist earning £2 a week, but she earned more as an omnibus conductor.

The Coroner: She preferred the life of a conductor to the other?—Yes.

What were her hours?—They were not so hard as when she was typing. The witness added that her daughter had only been with the company a few weeks. She did not wear high heels.

John W. Eastwood said that at the top of Whitehall he was descending the omnibus stairs and the conductor was coming up. She asked him if the omnibus was full at the top, and when he told her that it was she commenced to descend the steps backwards and fell into the road on the back of her head.

Medical evidence showed that she died from a fracture at the base of the skull, and the jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death.

A representative of Messrs. Tilling's said that his firm employed a large number of women in consequence of the war. It was exceedingly plucky of them to come forward.

### GODFATHERING GERMAN CITIES.

The Lord Mayor of Vienna has stated in the Municipal Council that Germany will take the sponsorship of one Austrian and one Hungarian city, while Vienna and Budapest will take sponsorship over one East Prussian city each.

Germany has chosen the Austrian city of Gorizia, Vienna chose Ortelburg and Budapest has selected Gerdauen.

## ROYAL ASSASSIN.

Verdict of Wilful Murder Against Kaiser at Air Raid Inquest.

### CORONER OBJECTS IN VAIN.

A verdict of Wilful murder against the Kaiser and Crown Prince, returned yesterday at an inquest on the body of a young woman killed in Staffordshire during the air raid, was criticised by the coroner.

The young woman was walking with her sweetheart when a bomb dropped near them, killing the young man on the spot and so injuring the girl that she died in hospital on Saturday.

The jury found that she was killed by a bomb from enemy aircraft, and returned a verdict of Wilful murder against the Kaiser and the Crown Prince, as accessories before the fact.

The coroner pointed out that he had no method of service against the Kaiser or the Crown Prince, nor was it possible to take proceedings against them.

The foramen inquired if it would not have some weight at the end of the war.

The coroner replied that he could not hold out any hopes of this, adding that he did not propose to commit for trial the German Emperor or his son.

The jury declined to alter their verdict.

### GOOD KING LEWANIKA.

Dusky Monarch, Once a Tyrant, Who Died Mourned as a Just Ruler.

Lewanika, King of Barotseland, is dead, and so, it is assumed, Letia, his son, reigns in his stead.

Lewanika was a great king.

For forty-five years he ruled in Central Africa, at first badly, latterly just and well, over a territory as large as Germany. His country bordered on the Upper Zambesi and Northern Rhodesia.

Good King Lewanika fought hard and often for the armchair which was his throne. Cunning cousins sought to usurp that armchair, and in the early years of his reign many a sanguinary battle raged from sun up to sun down in the forest glades of Barotseland.

There came one day strange white men of the British South Africa Company and spoke fair words with Lewanika. And he listened to these ambassadors of a Great White Queen and found much that they said was good.

So Lewanika, one-time tyrant, became Lewanika the Good, father of his people.

And just twenty-six years ago he entered into the great confederacy of the British Empire, and under the British flag continued to rule his people in justice and peace.

When the Great White Queen died and Edward, her son, reigned in her stead, Lewanika crossed the seas and represented his people at the Coronation.

Now, at the age of three score years and more, Lewanika has gone to his rest, mourned by his dusky subjects.

### BRITISH INVASION SCARE.

COPENHAGEN, Feb. 15.—Three workmen were charged at the police-court at Flensburg with spreading a rumour that British troops had landed in Schleswig and that the whole population would have to flee to Mecklenburg.

They were sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from ten days to three weeks.

Counsel for the prosecution stated that the report had caused immense excitement, many people having left the district precipitately.—Reuter.

### ONLY 7lb. OF POTATOES A WEEK.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 15.—In connection with the serious scarcity of potatoes in Leipzig potato tickets have been introduced since Sunday, allowing each person 7lb. of potatoes per week. Central News.

## FOURTEEN DAYS IN WITNESS-BOX.

30,600 Questions Asked by Counsel in Law Case.

### GREAT WATER DRINKER.

For fifty-six days an extraordinary struggle has been taking place in the Chancery Court.

Fifty-six days hence the struggle will in all human probability still be going on. For the parties engaged have staked as much progress towards a decision as the armies on the western front.

The protagonists—two great Rhodesian gold mining companies, the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia, Ltd., and the Globe and Phoenix Gold Mining Company—are fighting over some £200,000.

On the bench sits Mr. Justice Eve, his features almost hidden behind stacks of plans, specifications, law books and exhibits.

### UNFAILING GOOD HUMOUR.

When *The Daily Mirror* visited the Court prior to the week-end adjournment, Mr. Upjohn, K.C., was on his feet. The famous counsel was still cross-examining an equally famous witness.

The latter was Mr. Ackerman, the consulting engineer to the Chartered Company. For fourteen days this witness has stood in the box, and although he has been bombarded with hundreds of questions he remains as debonair and swift-footed as on the day the bombardment began.

Mr. Upjohn's voice grows a little sepulchral towards the close of each day's fight, and when the Court rises for the week his wig was ruffled and his face grey.

Some idea of the magnitude of the struggle will be gathered from the following figures:—

Questions asked ..... 30,600  
Witnesses called ..... 3  
Glasses of water drunk by counsel ..... 3  
Ditto consumed by Mr. Upjohn, K.C. .... 66

It will be seen from the foregoing figures that Mr. Upjohn is a considerable water-drinker.

Every day at noon the usher goes to the table, fills a tumbler with this innocent "refresher," and solemnly hands it to counsel. It is Mr. Upjohn's medicine which he has religiously taken at noon for years.

Thus reinvigorated Mr. Upjohn ploughs on doggedly with his work. For days past he has been prodding the imperturbable Mr. Ackerman with questions relating to reefs and stopes and mining mysteries.

Here and there a flash of wit brightens the proceedings.

### DIED TO SAVE COMRADES.

Hero Who Volunteered to Find the Lair of Deadly German Sniper.

News has been received in Hoxton of the death in hospital at the front of Private C. Wilton, No. 17632, B Company, 15th Essex Regiment.

He was wounded in a brave attempt to locate a German sniper, who had secured many victims.

When Wilton was in the trenches there was a call for a volunteer to find the position of the sniper, and Wilton at once said, "I will go," and volunteered for the task.

The death of Wilton was avenged, for the position of the German sniper was given to the artillery and a shell blew both lair and sniper to pieces.

Wilton's officer wrote: "I cannot say how sorry I am to lose Wilton. He was one of the best men I had in my platoon, and was always cheerful under the most distressing circumstances."

"He died a hero's death, fighting for his country."

### DEATH OF VISCOUNT RIDLEY.

In his forty-third year, Matthew White, second Viscount Ridley, died at Newcastle-on-Tyne early yesterday morning.

Lord Ridley had been in bad health for some time past, and had recently undergone two operations.

He was an experienced parliamentarian. The world will perhaps remember him as Sir Matthew White Ridley, his name until he succeeded, at the death of his father, to the peerage in 1904.

He was chairman of the Tariff Reform League, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Northumberland Hussars, and Honorary Colonel of the 5th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers. But for his ill-health he would have gone to France with his regiment.

He married in 1899 Lord Wimborne's daughter, Miss Rosamond Guest. He has a son who succeeds him, a boy now thirteen years old, and two daughters.

### RAID ON W.S.P.U. PREMISES.

Another police raid has been made upon the premises of the Women's Social and Political Union in Mecklenburgh-square, W.C.

On Monday evening Detective Inspector Parker and other officials of the Special Branch, Scotland Yard, visited the premises. No arrests were made, but a number of copies of *Britannia*, the weekly organ of the Union, were seized.

The raid was made under a warrant granted under the Defence of the Realm Act.

Read "What I Heard in America," by Mary Mortimer Maxwell, on page 5.



Lieutenant Ronald Chittenden and Doris Marlow were married in London yesterday. The photograph shows Miss Chittenden, the bridegroom's sister, who was bridesmaid, and Captain Kennard, the best man, buying a souvenir handkerchief outside the church.

# DASHING FRENCH TROOPS WREST LOST POSITIONS FROM THE HUNS

Allies Recapture Part of Champagne Trenches.

## THE KING'S LEAD.

Stirring Words in Royal Speech at Opening of Parliament.

## BERLIN'S NEW FICTION.

### BATTLE IN THE WEST.

The great battle on the Western front shows no sign of diminishing in intensity.

Yesterday the French announced that they had recaptured part of the advanced trenches which the Germans took on Sunday on the road from Tahure to Somme-Py.

### "THE ONLY MEASURES."

There is one phrase that stands out in the King's speech. "The only measures which will be submitted are such as tend to the attainment of our common object."

If only the Government, rank-and-file members of Parliament, and every single member of the great public outside of the House of Commons would take that phrase to heart, the war would soon be over.

### LYING AS A FINE ART.

With that gift for organisation which has stood them in such good stead during the war, the Germans are turning their attention to lies.

A typical example will be found in the recent "battle" of the Dogger Bank. It is quite clear that all that happened was that some small mine-sweeping craft were attacked by German submarines, and that as a result we lost a mine-sweeper.

The truth, however, is not picturesque enough for the Huns.

## FRENCH RETAKE PART OF LOST TRENCHES.

Germans Quickly Lose Positions They Won in Champagne.

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Feb. 15.—This afternoon's French official communiqué says:

"In the Champagne we recaptured part of the advanced elements occupied by the enemy on Sunday east of the Tahure-Somme-Py road.

In Lorraine there were some patrol skirmishes in the Heuland sector. The night was calm on the rest of the front.—Central News.

## NAVAL ACTION ON LAKE TANGANYIKA.

Germans Lose Another Steamer and the Control of Congo Waters.

A telegram has been received from Elizabethville, says Reuter, regarding an action between the Belgians who are invading German East Africa in the Lake Kivu region and an enemy force, in which heavy losses occurred on both sides.

Full details are not yet to hand, and when the telegram left fighting was still in progress.

It appears that the Belgians attacked a German post situated well across the frontier and captured a number of the enemy trenches, which were afterwards retaken.

### MASTERY OF THE LAKE WON.

Reuter's Agency is also informed that a wireless message has been received from Albertville, on the Belgian shore of Lake Tanganyika, stating that on Wednesday last an Anglo-Belgian naval force destroyed the German gunboat Hedwig von Wissmann after an action on the lake.

This vessel was the first to violate the neutrality of the Congo by shelling without warning the Belgian post of Lukunga.

It is the second vessel lost by the enemy on Tanganyika since the arrival of the British flotilla on the lake, and the mastery of those waters has now been wrested from the Germans. In the latest fight two Germans were killed, while ten white sailors and nine native sailors were taken prisoners.

The Anglo-Belgian losses were nil.

## BRITISH FLEET ACTIVE IN THE NORTH SEA.

Report of Cruisers in the Atlantic Searching for Moewe.

News from Berlin sent through the wireless stations of the German Government yesterday contains the following:

Copenhagen—The *Politiken* reports from Bergen that Norwegian ships have met during the course of last week with a large English fleet within the zone between the Dogger Bank and the Norwegian coast.

The fleet consisted chiefly of squadrons of light cruisers. Also in the Atlantic Ocean Norwegian ships have met with English cruisers. According to the *Politiken* these movements are probably in connection with the chase of the Moewe.

### ENEMY'S FAIRY TALES.

The German papers, commenting on the sinking of the British cruiser *Arabis* by German torpedo-boats during the last raid, state that the torpedo-boats were more successful than the British *Arabis*, which explored the North Sea some time ago.

The fact that the British men-of-war disappeared immediately when the German boats became visible contrasts most strikingly with the British affirmation that the British Fleet is anxiously awaiting the appearance of the German Fleet.

According to the *Lokalanzeiger*, the cruiser *Arabis* had been in service for some weeks, and had a displacement of 3,200 tons.

The Admiralty states that to the report regarding the sinking of the cruiser must now be added the fact that a second English ship, which was struck by a torpedo, has also sunk.

The German torpedo-boats rescued the commander, the surgeon, one officer, one non-commissioned officer, and twenty-seven men of the *Arabis*.

During the return voyage the surgeon and three men died from the effects of their long immersion in the sea.—Wireless Press.

### "ENTIRELY NEW SHIPS."

Another German message received by the Wireless Press contains the following:—

According to the Berlin papers, "entirely new" English ships were concerned in the naval battle on the Dogger Bank, which vessels were constructed for the mining and air defence service.

The ships are built on the lines of small cruisers, and have a speed of sixteen nautical miles, with a crew of seventy-eight men. They were only taken into active service since January.—Wireless Press.

The lying statements given above are sent out by the Germans with the object of misleading and impressing neutrals. The British Admiralty have denied that any cruiser was sunk by German torpedo-boats, the *Arabis* being a mine-sweeper.

## HUNS TO POSTPONE THEIR SEA MURDERS FOR MONTH.

Bernstorff Says America Has Dropped Some Unacceptable Points.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—According to the Washington correspondent of the *New York American*, Germany, feeling confident of the full support of the United States, will consent to the suggested postponement for a month of the operation of her latest declaration in regard to the sinking of armed merchantmen.—Central News.

### "AGREEMENT QUITE CERTAIN."

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 15.—According to the *Lokalanzeiger* news has been received from Count Bernstorff that the American Government has dropped some of the points in dispute which were unacceptable to Germany.

An agreement between the United States and Germany may now be regarded as quite certain, so that the composition of the new Note is the only thing remaining.—Reuter.

## ITALIANS IN ALBANIA AT GRIPS WITH AUSTRIANS.

Whole of the Greek Cavalry Brigade Leaving Salonika.

ZURICH, Feb. 15.—According to the *Vossische Zeitung* the first fighting between the Austrians and the Italians, under the command of General Palazzi, has taken place on the heights between Tirana and Durazzo.—Central News.

PARIS, Feb. 15.—It is semi-officially stated that nothing is known tending to confirm the report that Fieri has been occupied by Bulgarian troops who are still engaged in the region of Elbasan.—Reuter.

### 50,000 SERBIANS.

PARIS, Feb. 15.—The *Figaro* states that before the end of March 50,000 Serbians, once more thoroughly fit for active service, will be sent from Corfu to reinforce the Allied army at Salonika.—Reuter.

Salonika, Feb. 14.—The whole Greek cavalry brigade is leaving Salonika to-morrow, it is understood, owing to the difficulty of obtaining supplies.—Reuter.

### BULGARIAN DEMAND.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 15.—A dispatch from Bucharest states that M. Bratianu, the Prime Minister, and M. Porumbaru, Minister for Foreign Affairs, were received in audience by the King.

Subsequently the King received M. Cantacuzene, the former President of the Chamber. The Bulgarian Government has demanded the transport of 180 wagon-loads of food through Rumania.—Central News.

VICTORIA, Feb. 15.—Hostile aeroplanes appeared yesterday over Schoo and dropped bombs, killing six persons and wounding some others.—Reuter.

Moscow's Italian communiqué, it will be remembered, recorded Austrian air raids on five Italian towns.

## NEW ALDERSHOT ON THE PLAINS OF FLANDERS.

Where Our New Armies Put Finishing Touches to Their Training.

Along our leagues of front we substantially outweigh the enemy in man-power, writes Reuter's correspondent from British Headquarters in France.

There is no longer any necessity for men to be rushed into the trenches as soon as they arrive.

Considerably better results are likely to be attained by a principle of "tuning up" new units within the atmosphere and sound of war than by putting them fresh from the home drill grounds against the Germans.

And so for miles in rear of the British battle line the levels of Flanders have been transformed into a sort of vast Aldershot.

The front line supports and reserves only account for a proportion of our armies in the field.

The remaining legions, whether composed of war-tried troops or of new units, are always carrying on that training which has no finality.

When a corps "comes out" it usually reverts for a spell to the sort of work which recalls the Long Valley or Salisbury Plain, and while maintaining proficiency in what it already knew is likewise learning something new in the never-ending development of warfare.

Bombing schools, machine gun schools, flying schools, motor workshops are busting and resonant from dawn to dark.

Battalions, companies and platoons perpetuate the familiar evolutions of the barrack square frequently in unsuspected nooks off the high roads, along which lorries, wagons and cars roar and rumble and trundle in never-ending procession.

It is business as usual on the peace manoeuvres seen for those who are not at the moment employed in the task which this business is meant to accomplish.

## 'STEADFAST SPIRIT OF MY PEOPLE.'

The King's Speech at Opening of Parliament.

## 'UNITED IN COMMON AIM.'

Without the customary pageantry, Parliament was opened yesterday.

In the absence of the King, acting on the advice of his doctors, the ceremony was performed by commission.

When Black Rod summoned the members of the Commons to the House of Lords about 100 M.P.s were present.

The Lords Commissioners were the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Lincolnshire, Lord Sandhurst and Lord Farquhar.

The Lord Chancellor read the King's Speech as follows:—

My Lords and Gentlemen,

It has been my duty to summon you after a short recess to renew your deliberations.

The spirit of my Allies and of my people, who are united in this conflict by ever strengthening ties of sympathy and understanding, remains steadfast in the resolve to secure reparation for the victims of unprovoked and unjustifiable outrage and effectual safeguards for all nations against the aggression of a Power which mistakes force for right and expediency for honour.

With a proud and grateful confidence I look to the courage, tenacity and resource of my Navy and Army, on whom we depend, worthily to perform our part in the attainment of this goal.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

You will be asked to make due financial provision for the conduct of the war.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

The only measures which will be submitted to you are such as in the opinion of my advisers tend to the attainment of our common object.

I confidently commend them to your patriotism and loyalty, and I pray that the Almighty will give His blessing to your counsels.

## 'NO INCONCLUSIVE PEACE.'

Mr. Ian Macpherson, in Court dress, rose amid general cheers, in the House of Commons, to move the Address to the Throne.

The Allies, he said, were determined to do nothing that would cause them to deviate from the road which led to the only imaginable objective.

There could be no inconclusive peace.

The Hon. F. S. Jackson, in field uniform, addressing the House for the first time, seconded the Address.

He declared that he opposed any policy of reprisals against Germany. He did not believe

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Mr. Ian Macpherson.

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Hon. F. S. Jackson.

that this country was capable of playing that dirty game successfully.

Mr. Stuart Wortley, speaking next in the absence of Mr. Reuter, said that during the past few weeks he had at the moment no Opposition and no parties.

There were only groups in the House, some of them anxious to render all assistance possible to the Government and others of them whose only purpose seemed to be to make it difficult for the Government. (Laughter.)

He believed they were called "ginger groups." Mr. Asquith said that during the past few weeks the Allies had well held their own.

During the last three months, he continued, the most outstanding feature had been the growingly intimate relation, co-ordination and unity of direction amongst the Allies.

## CALL FOR AIR MINISTER.

Both the Liberal and Unionist War Committees met yesterday afternoon at the House of Commons, the latter under the chairmanship of Sir F. Bambery.

Both had the question of defence against hostile aircraft under consideration. The Unionist Committee has decided not to recommend the appointment of a separate Ministry for aerial defence.

Mr. Jomson Hicks, M.P., handed in an amendment to the Address "humbly presenting to His Majesty the desirability of placing the air services of the country on a firmer and stronger basis."



Posting up the proclamation calling all single unattested men to the colours.

## FROM STAGE TO ARMY



Miss Kathleen Miller and Mr. Jack Reynyders (London Scottish), who have been married. Both were in Mr. George Edwardes's touring companies.

## TRYING TO THE EYES?



Black and white serge dress which, seen against this background, would make many people dizzy.

## MILITARY WEDDING.



Miss Constance Ivy Low, of Kensington, and Lieutenant A. L. Fitzpatrick, of Sydney, who have been married. The bridegroom has been wounded.

## DEATH OF A KING.



Lewanika, King of Barotseland, who is reported to have died. He attended King Edward's Coronation.

## GERMAN MEMORIAL.



The eagle has the serpent (presumably England) in its grip. A case of unintelligent anticipation.

## MEN OF THE SUBMARINE E 16 WEAR BORROWED RAIMENT.

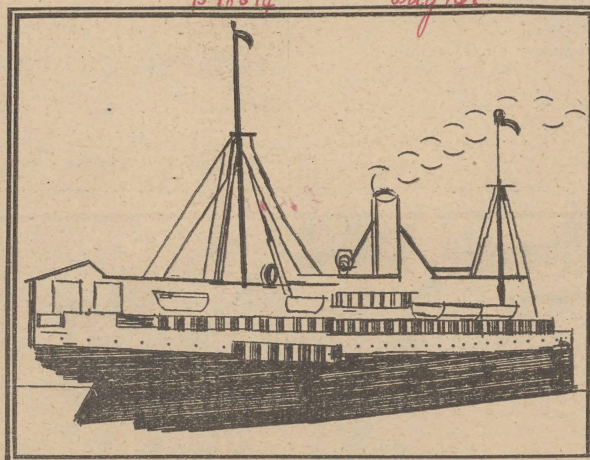


They have been "rigged out" by the men of the Naval Division who are also interned at Groningen.

## SKETCHING WITH A TYPEWRITER: EXPERT'S CLEVER WORK.



Miss Collins at the machine.



The captured Elder Dempster liner Appam.

This sketch was executed by Miss Edith Collins, of Hampstead, the well-known typewriting expert and author of numerous manuals on the art. The composition of the Appam consists merely of the "underscorer," the parenthesis marks and full stops. Every stroke was executed by the typewriter.

## Acidity and Digestion

Digestion cannot proceed properly if the stomach is burdened with acidity. A rational and safe means of freeing the stomach from acidity is provided by Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, made by Savory & Moore from a formula of the famous Dr. Jenner.

These lozenges are quite different from the ordinary antacid preparations and contain neither bismuth nor magnesia. They owe their value to an alkaline product which has remarkable power to absorb acidity. To sufferers from Heartburn, Flatulence, Dizziness, Palpitation (especially at night), and all the ills that arise from acidity, they are of the greatest possible benefit. They are quite harmless, having no effect whatever on the stomach itself or the digestive ferments.

A feature of the lozenges, which is attested by all who use them, is the immediate relief given, even in chronic cases. Their action is so beneficial that in a short time ordinary meals can be taken without fear of indigestion.

Boxes 1s. 3d., 3s., and 5s., of all Chemists.

## A FREE TRIAL BOX

of the lozenges will be sent to all who write, enclosing 1d. stamp for postage, and mentioning "The Daily Mirror," to Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond-st., London.

## TOBACCO HABIT EASILY CONQUERED.

A well-known business man has written a book telling how the tobacco or snuff habit can be easily banished in three days without any return of the craving.

The author, Edw. J. Woods, 10, Norfolk-street (316.T.B.C.), London, W.C., will send his book free on request.

The health improves wonderfully after the nicotine poison is out of the system. Calmness, tranquil sleep, clear eyes, normal appetite, good digestion, manly vigour, strong memory and a general gain in efficiency are among the many benefits reaped. Get rid of that nervous feeling; no more need of pipe, cigar, cigarette or chewing tobacco to pacify the morbid desire.

## DO YOU LACK SELF-CONFIDENCE?

Do you have nervous, worried feelings? Do you suffer from involuntary blinking, nervous indigestion, constipation, lack of self-confidence, energy, will power, or initial concentration? Do you feel awkward in the presence of others? I can tell you how to acquire strong nerves and mind concentration which will give you absolute self-confidence. Send at once 5 penny stamps for particulars of my guaranteed cure in 12 days, and 650 offer.

GODFREY ELLIOTT-SMITH,  
476, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.

## HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

Save 8/- by Making This Cough Syrup at Home.

The following valuable prescription from a noted specialist makes an excellent cough remedy that can be easily prepared at home at little expense; and which is more effective than anything you can buy.

When you have once tried the following formula you will never again experiment with an ordinary cough mixture. A cough is a dangerous thing to trifle with, and should be treated with the best medicine obtainable.

From your chemist secure 1oz. Parment (Double Strength), 2s. 9d. worth, take this home and add to it 1 pint of hot water and 4oz. of moist or granulated sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day. This will give instant relief, and will usually cure the most obstinate cough within twenty-four hours.

It is a splendid remedy, too, for Asthma, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Croup and Chest pains.

It tastes pleasant, stimulates the appetite, and has a slight tonic and laxative effect which makes it an ideal remedy for the home. Every person suffering with a cough is advised to give this recipe a trial. There is nothing better.—(Advt.)

## Let the EPHOD decide

The Ephod is a patented revolving Charm, prettily designed and enamelled. It replies to any question calling for a decision in an unmistakable way. Price 2/6. post free, with full directions. Money returned if not satisfied. ELLWOOD & Co., 210, STRAND.

# "BERTHA, THE QUEEN OF THE WORLD."

P 18616



German flag captured by Lieutenant C. P. Burnley (in circle). "Who is the Queen of the World?" is the question asked, while the reply given is: "Eat Bertha of Essen." "What happened to Kings Albert, Peter and Nicholas?" is then asked, while the "humorist" also wrote: "Follow the example of those finely-betrayed Serbs and Montenegrins."

# A TEAM OF SOLDIER



The wheels of this heavy motor-wagon were stuck deep in the mud.

## "TOBY, M.P."

P 435



Sir Henry Lucy, who is retiring from the staff of *Punch*. This week's issue contains his last article.—(Elliott and Fry.)

## HER GOLF



A well-known girl golfing tree trunks. By doing and answering the Golf than 400,000 women and a recruiting

## TWO BRIDES OF TO-DAY.

P 17333

P 16517E



Miss Molly Greenshields, who is to be married to Mr. E. W. Hearle Sprott, of the Dragon Guards.—(Val L'Estrange.)



Miss Mary Cooper, of Chilworth, near Guildford, who is to be married to Lieutenant L. G. Ingham, R.N.

## GETTING HIS MOTOR "RESHOD."

P 11917E



An officer whose motor-car broke down at the front was very glad of the assistance of the soldiers at the farr's shop.

## LORD CHEYLESMORE DOES LIFE BELT DRILL.

P 225



Major-General Lord Cheylesmore (second from the left) taking part in lifebelt drill on board a P. and O. liner. The Huns have threatened to resume their campaign of murder on the seas, and President Wilson, it is understood, will not raise any protest.

# Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1916.

## FROM TEACUPS TO TRENCHES.

MOST of the illustrated papers lately published pictures of a young soldier who has won great distinction for his resolution and courage in action. Before the war, this man was a footman.

Irresistibly, the question occurs to one: Will he be a footman again after the war? From the trenches to teacups!—Mr. Walter Long's recent interview in the *New York Tribune* states the problem. Ours is indeed a strange time. We prepared our young men by giving huge numbers of them breeches and telling them to open doors. We covered them with buttons and told them to touch hats. Others were to hand the sauce after the butler had handed the fish.

Then, suddenly, we told those same youths to face death in the mud and rain, the snow and sun, on sea, on land. And, see, everywhere, admirably they do it!

Let no one say after this that we are lost as a race. No one of our kind or rude readers will accuse us of undue optimism!—yet we are by no means of those who hold that our race declines, when, with teacup preparation, it does as valiantly, what the Germans do valiantly also, but after forty years of careful military discipline.

The young footman gladly dropped the teacup for the rifle, we imagine, as any strong man would. Similarly, immense numbers of young fellows who stood behind counters and murmured "What next, madam?" dropped "three-and-elevenpence-a-pair" for the new life of this hour. But predominantly the question is: Will they drop rifle again for teacup when the time comes?

Will they withdraw from the trenches to the pantry?

Will they come back to the counter and murmur deferentially to exigent silly women?

Not if they know it! The first thing they tell you—the only certain thing—is always: "I shall never go back to the old job!"

Yet, obviously, we cannot go on fighting for ever, to keep them quiet.

We conceive that they may put into practice, amicably, that suggestion by an infant in one of Mr. Haselden's cartoons lately: "Young men are stronger than old men, aren't they? Then why don't they make the old men let them?"

In fact, the young men returned will give the old men the teacups.

What they themselves will do, we do not know. An indoors and eminently stuffy civilisation does not provide open-air jobs for its victims. Let us hope, then, that the coming revolution of youth will suppress an indoors and stuffy civilisation. On the returned armies, "some day" we count to put the old men—politely, as we said—in their places. On the footmen who won't return to teacups we count to make teacups impossible. To the boys once in buttons, now in khaki, we look to reduce buttons to the reasonable number. In such of our now fighting youth that survives are the germs of noble protest against the creeping thing we call industrialism. We are glad to think that they are determined "never to go back to the old jobs" after the war. W. M.

## TO SLEEP.

O soft embalmer of the still midnight,  
Shutling, with careful fingers and benign,  
Our gloom-pleased eyes, embower'd from the light,  
Enshaded in forgetfulnes divine:  
O soothest Sleep, if so to please thee, close  
In midst of this thine hymn my willing eyes,  
Or wait the "Amen," ere thy poppy throws  
Around my bed its lulling charities.  
Then save me, or the passed day will shine  
Upon my pillow breeding many woes—  
Save me from anxious Conscience, that still lords  
Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole;  
Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards,  
And seal the hushed Casket of my Soul.

—KEATS.

## WHAT I HEARD IN AMERICA.—No. 2.

### A LETTER FROM AN EMINENT LAWYER ON OUR BLOCKADE.

By MARY MORTIMER MAXWELL.

I HAD been in New York nearly a fortnight before I met a man of any importance who seemed to me to be unsympathetic toward Great Britain.

This was at a small dinner-party. My hostess, when inviting me, had called it "just a little pro-Ally affair," so that my surprise at meeting the unsympathetic man can be imagined.

The unsympathetic one sat next to me, and at the beginning of the meal I found him an ardent German hater. He almost ground his teeth as he spoke of Germany's crimes, her over-riding of international law. He was bitterly opposed

well as the laws of humanity. I admire England so much that I wish to see her come out of this thing and stand with absolutely clean hands at the end of the war. My ancestors were British on both sides.

"Are you referring to the 'blockade' which they say isn't a blockade?" I asked. "Do you, then, approve of those Notes of President Wilson?"

"No, I have nothing but contempt for all his Notes." I was about to ask for further explanations of his attitude when our conversation was interrupted, and he told me he would write to me the next day telling me precisely his opinion. I here reproduce a part of his letter—a letter, let me add, written by one of the most eminent lawyers in America.

"Great Britain should go right ahead with an actual blockade, no matter who objects. She will be fully within her legal rights in doing so, and should not be deterred by any political small

## THE CHILD AND THE GROWN-UP.—No. 4.



Poor Bob always has to save his weekly money. Yet, when he's naughty he's told he's not to get it as usual.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

to what he called the "Wilson-do-nothing-but-write-Notes policy." He referred to the President as "that polite letter writer at Washington," and wondered why Grover Cleveland might not have been spared to deal with the present situation with manly vigour. He spoke of his admiration for France, congratulated himself that he had no German blood in him, go back how far you would with his ancestry, and then suddenly offered a remark about the "high-handedness of Britain" which made me jump.

"I thought you were pro-Ally!" I said resentfully.

"I'm more than pro-Ally—I personally am an Ally and no 'pro' about it. If I were under forty instead of past fifty I would be over in France or Greece or any place where they'd take me if they'd only let me carry a rifle!"

"Then I don't understand your attitude toward Britain. You don't seem to like the idea of Britannia ruling the waves."

"I've no objection whatever to Britannia ruling the waves, but I want her to stop wailing the rules!"

He looked at me with just a twinkle of humour in his eyes, and then he said:

"I am an upholder of international law as

talk over here. As a matter of fact, shipments from here to so-called neutral countries, but destined for Germany, have been colossal all the time that the Germans were insisting that we should not ship to the Allies—all one great big bluff. Mr. Asquith and the members of his Cabinet do not understand the American people, and they do not give us credit for possessing all the 'horse sense' that we do possess.

"We are a justice-loving people, as well as a humane-loving people. It is possible that we stick too closely to rules and regulations. The British are supposed to be sticklers for 'precedent,' but the fact is that the Americans are much more addicted to precedent than the British—at least in certain respects. Talk with some of our Southern cotton-growers and ask them what they think of British letting them send their cotton to Germany for so many months! Nobody whose opinion was worth considering would express any resentment if the Allies declared everything contraband.

"We expect to be put to some trouble and inconvenience and financial loss when a world war is going on. We know that our turn would come next if Germany were to win. Ninety-eight per cent. of the American people are with the

## "TOO LATE?"

### IS THERE STILL TIME TO GIVE YOUTH ITS CHANCE IN THE WAR?

A YOUNG MAJOR.

I SAW a most consoling picture in a daily paper. A youth—a mere youth—who has been made a major! He has worked his way up from the ranks.

Is not that a good sign? Your articles about youth having no chance in this war will have to be revised!

Crown-terrace, Scarborough.

L. E.

### ONE CHANCE.

YOUTH has one chance in this war—to get killed.

As "W. M." points out, we shall have to be content with the old man when it's over. They have announced that in no case do they intend to leave us.

Cliveden-place, S.W.

### IT WILL COME.

SURELY young men are doing things? What about our air-manship?

What about our submarine officers? MIDDLE-AGED. Stone-buildings, Lincoln's-Inn, W.C.

### LET THEM HAVE A GOOD TIME!

It is ridiculous to talk about children being selfish and to suggest that we should therefore worry them with the war and our other troubles. Childhood is the only really happy time in life. For heaven's sake let the children enjoy happiness in the little time that is left to them.

CHILDHOOD.

### "THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE."

MISS ELLEN TERRY is right in saying that "the stupid and clever lover fly the same phrases: the language of love is the most conventional in the world."

Even when inarticulate it has always been a cosmopolitan language. In every instance of love, in either hemisphere, "popping the question" is redundant. I like that sentence in one of Mr. Edwin Pugh's books, "Music is the language that all men understand—the universal volapuk."

Substitute the words (for music) "love" or "a gift of flowers," and we have an equally pleasant truism.

(Rev.) HUGH POWELL.

### IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 15.—A flowering tree never looks more attractive than when growing by itself on a lawn.

The double scarlet thorn (crataegus) is a fine tree for setting in the grass, while any good variety of laburnum, the double peach (persica), the rose acacia or one of the pretty flowering cherries or crabs will be equally decorative.

Before planting a tree on a lawn let the ground be deeply dug, and always keep the soil free from grass. E. F. T.

Allies; but here, as in every other country, there are certain business men who are not getting out of the war if they can, and though they may not be as high-minded as we should like, they have a sporting instinct, and it is they who are most insistent in demanding an actual blockade.

I publish these extracts without comment. To sum up, what I did find in some quarters was a great anger against Great Britain in the shipping business—a resentment against the "make believe blockade," as the Americans call it.

I said to one man: "Wilson's Notes to Great Britain remind me of the nagging wife who, when her husband's on the verge of the bankruptcy court, nags and bothers him about 'her silly little bills for twopenny-halfpenny.'"

"But," said the man, "England isn't our wife!"

And I suppose that's true enough.

### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time.—Bacon.

# DRAGGED IT FREE.



power was requisitioned.—(French War Office photograph.)

# A FRENCH FACTORY LAID IN RUINS.



This building, which is "somewhere in the Argonne" was used as a factory, but it has gone the way of so many others in France, and is now in ruins.—(French War Office photograph.)

## USEFUL.

## LORD RIDLEY DEAD.



The late Viscount was chairman of the Tariff Reform League and the recognised leader of Unionist thought in Northumberland.

## "THE BEST PLAY OF THE YEAR" AT THE NEW.



Mr. Somerset Maugham's new comedy, "Caroline," has been described as "the best play of the year." The cast includes Miss Irene Vanbrugh (bareheaded) in the name part, Miss Nina Sevening (centre) as Isabella and Miss Lillah McCarthy as Maude Fulton.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

## MEN IN THE WAR NEWS.

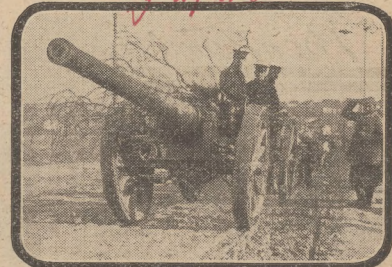


Seaman W. Trotter, who lay unconscious for four days in a small boat at Gallipoli. All the others were killed by shells.



Lieutenant Edward B. Pedder, who was killed by a sniper just before he was due to come home on leave.—(Swaine.)

## OXEN DRAW A NAVAL GUN.



British naval gun which was hauled by oxen from Belgrade to Scutari during the Serbian retreat. The animals scarcely stopped to rest.



# LOVE MIRROR

By META  
SIMMINS



Olive Chayne.

## New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**OLIVE CHAYNE**, a girl of unusual charm and looks, but with peculiar character.  
**RICHARD HEATHCOTE**, straightforward, rather rugged type of man, whose affections are sound.  
**RUPERT HEATHCOTE**, his good-looking cousin, who lacks balance.

**OLIVE CHAYNE** is day-dreaming by the fire. Far down in her heart an imprisoned memory that she would give the world to forget stirs restlessly. She had been so certain that Rupert Heathcote loved her. Her memories carried her back to a garden. The Heathcotes had been giving a farewell dance to Richard Heathcote, Rupert's cousin, who was going out to West Africa. Olive had never quite understood Dick. He is very different from Rupert, the man she loves. At times he has been very friendly with her—and then he has been almost a stranger. Olive closes her eyes with a sense of sick shame as the web of memories spins out. Something had betrayed her secret to Rupert that night in the garden. She had showed him all her heart then. This man who had only been philandering. And then he had walked away and left her. Then she remembered how Dick had come across the lawn—a changed Dick. It was as though he knew. He had been splendid, and her sore heart had been soothed. But through it all she knew that there was only one man she loved—Rupert. And the end had come when a few weeks later he had gone out to join Dick.

As Olive Chayne sits there thinking a letter arrives. It comes from West Africa and it is signed R. Heathcote. In a very frank, straightforward way it asks her to go out there and marry him. Olive Chayne is changed. And so Rupert really loves her after all! Then the telephone rings. It is her father. He tells her that he will need all her help in a crisis in his life. In a moment all Olive Chayne's hopes are dashed to the ground. She remembers that she promised her father that she would never leave her father. With a breaking heart, she writes a letter back to Rupert Heathcote saying that she must refuse.

The next day she hears her father's news. It is that he is going to get married again. With a shock Olive realizes that she has made her sacrifice in vain. Without hesitation, she sends a cable to Heathcote saying that the letter was a mistake and that she is coming out at once.

Olive Chayne arrives at Ondura, a little town on the coast of West Africa. Rupert Heathcote meets her.

He comes forward casually, and begins to apologize for Dick's absence. He talks so much about Dick that the terrible truth is forced upon Olive that she has come out to marry the wrong man—she had misread the signature in the letter. She manages to deceive both Rupert and Dick for the time being, but all her terrors are revived when Rupert receives the letter which she had originally sent to him. He refuses to give it to her. Olive and Dick are married. On the journey up country to their home Rupert tells her that he will be wise for her not to go against his wishes. One evening Rupert cannot control himself. As he catches Olive in his arms Dick enters the room. Not a word is said, but Dick becomes very curious in his manner. He is an angry argument, and Rupert blurts out the truth, and shows Richard's letter. Olive is dumbfounded, but controls herself. To add to the situation, a cable arrives saying that the property has been sold to a new owner named E. Brydon, and that all the staff must go. Dick wanders into the forest to think, and finds a woman traveller who has lost her way. She turns out to be E. Brydon. Olive, through ill-health, returns to England alone.

## THE RETURN.

THIS was home. This strange town under weeping skies was England, for which her soul had sickened longingly during her exile under the aching blue of the African sky. This crowd thronging the quay was composed of her kinsfolk—as race counts for kinship. She had come once more among her own people.

The irony of this thought chilled Olive Heathcote through and through. Never until this moment of arrival had she realised the full meaning of the phrase which she speaks of as "loneliness of a crowd." Now she was living it. Not a heart in England beat the quicker for her coming. Not an eye was the brighter for the sight of her.

A sudden rush of tears blinded her eyes, shutting out the sight of grey skies and leaden looking sea. Her hands tightened on the rail before her as she stood there waiting amid the bustling crowds. Bitter as the east wind that

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

stung her face with the salt in its damp breath, were the thoughts that in spite of herself went rushing back to Africa and the life she had left there. . . to the husband she had left. . . How cruel it had been of Dick to send her back here alone. How cruel he had been to her all during those last weeks of her stay in Narakota. His silence had been infinitely harder on her than any reproaches or abuse that had never flagged where her comfort and well-being were concerned, his courtesy . . . these had but served to emphasise all that she had lost.

And that she had lost Dick's love and confidence she could no longer find it in her heart to doubt.

She could not tell whether Rupert had betrayed her. It had not been possible to tax her Mr. Heathcote, since to do so would have meant to admit to him that there was an estrangement between Dick and herself, and she would rather have died than done that. She did not know whether it was that Dick had guessed the truth or something like it, building up his own theory on the foundation of the scene she believed him to have witnessed between Rupert and herself.

The only certainty that she had was—that she had lost Dick's trust and confidence. That they had parted almost as strangers.

Almost—but not entirely. . . Just for a moment as they stood together waiting for the signal to warn non-passengers to leave the ship something of the old Dick had peeped through. As though in obedience to some overmastering impulse, he had turned and caught her in his arms.

"Olive! Good-bye." The words seemed to have been wrenched from him in spite of himself. God bless you and give you happiness. Try to forgive me for the havoc I have wrought in both our lives."

Then the bell had sounded, and though she had clung to him, striving with broken words to ask him what he meant, he had put her from him with a gesture which she could not understand. And that was the sole memory of him she had to sustain her through the ordeal of these months she must spend in England alone before he came to meet her.

And what it cost her to do that! Loneliness rushed over her like a flood. She stared at the faces on the quay as though they were the faces of enemies. . . and all at once, as if by the magic of a word, the faces of those represented, leapt up one familiar face whose eyes changed all the outlook of the place to her. The strong dark face of Richard's mother. . .

Her! The thought sent the blood rushing wildly through Olive's chilled veins. She had not expected so much. Mrs. Heathcote was a woman who seldom or ever went beyond the confines of her own garden, except once a Sunday to church.

"Olive, welcome home, my dear!" The kind voice that sounded so oddly like Dick's, the firm, warm grip of the hand that clasped hers as she stepped off the gangway, put fresh heart into her.

"Dear Mrs. Heathcote," Olive kissed Dick's mother with a new affection. "How extraordinarily kind of you to say so, and how unexpected! I hope you won't be dreadfully worn out by the effort of travelling down here? I was feeling horribly dismal."

"Home-coming is the worst of the most dismal things in the world as a rule," Mrs. Heathcote said briskly. "There's a most tremendous amount of nonsense talked about the white cliffs of England and the emotions they arouse in the hearts of the natives. But the truth is they're dismal, yellow humbugs as a rule, looming out of the drizzling fog. Come, let me have a look at you? A little ghostlike, my dear, but very charming. And how is Dick?"

"And how is Olive?" There was something delightful in the elaborate unconcern with which that last question was put.

"Dick is very well," she said, "and, as for the rest, well, I shall tell you. Really, there's nothing to say except that—he's just Dick. I'm sure that you understand all that that means."

Mrs. Heathcote gave her arm a little squeeze. They understood each other very well, these two, Dick's mother and Dick's wife. Yet, and she admitted it quite frankly to herself, Mrs. Heathcote had been conscious of some qualms when she had heard the astounding news that her daughter was going out to the West Coast to marry Dick. . . a girl, whom she had always imagined to have a tendresse for Rupert.

"And Rupert?" the train of thought, rather than a genuine desire for information regarding the nephew, prompted the question.

"Rupert is extremely fit," Olive said. "It was easier to talk about Rupert than about her husband. Africa suits him very well indeed, and in some old way, he seems to suit Africa. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Absolutely," Rupert is a creature of no convention. He was born for a more hot-blooded country than England. I hope he will settle down in Africa—he has been always too much of a rolling-stone."

"What a lot we shall have to talk about," Olive said. But in the train her conversation seemed to fall her, and it was Mrs. Heathcote, and not she, who talked, as the train ran out through the green drenched country. Olive sat in her corner looking out with abstracted eyes at the flying landscape, as though its greys and browns, the neutral tints of sky and countryside, were an anodyne to some secret ache in her, the elder woman thought suddenly.

"My father and his wife are abroad, I hear," Olive said to her present companion. "I have abruptly. It is very good indeed of you to have them in their absence. Mrs. Heathcote. But I want you to know that I do not mean to inflict myself on you indefinitely. Dick spoke of taking a flat."

Mrs. Heathcote interrupted her, placing her

strong capable-looking hand with its glittering mass of rings on her knee.

"That is quite absurd," she said with a new note in her voice. "Unless you dislike very much indeed the thought of coming to the old house at Richmond—and I can hardly believe that Africa can have made you so fickle—I want you there. I am a very lonely old woman, Olive. I want Dick's wife and some day I hope, Dick's children about me. But quite apart from that—there are other reasons why you must just mark time till Dick comes back."

Other reasons? Olive was scarcely aware of what she said. The unexpected meeting and the affection so much effort displayed, something in Mrs. Heathcote's voice, had touched her almost to tears.

"Yes, my dear, I am going to confide in you something that I do not wish Dick so much as to guess at—till he comes back. But—he left England a poor man, beggared by his father's folly, as it seemed. He will come back to England to find himself a comparatively wealthy one."

Then in answer to the surprised inquiry in Olive's tired eyes she added:

"My dear husband was not so foolish as people thought. Certain securities of which he had bought very largely, and that at his death the lawyer confidently announced to be so much waste paper, have turned out to be very valuable indeed."

The proud old voice quavered a little, but she smiled at Olive—smiled Dick's smile that sent a thrill through and through Olive's heart.

"I am glad that my dear husband's memory should be vindicated. But I am more glad still to think that Dick will be able to come back to England a free man."

She put her arm about Olive and kissed her with a warmth of affection that surprised the girl.

"I see so much happiness for you both in the future, my dear children," she said.

Olive setting back in her concern sighed faintly behind the paper that presently she pretended to read.

"For her the future was very black indeed. Happiness! When Dick came back—but would Dick ever care to come back? Was there not that in Africa that would keep him there, very happy, very contented indeed?"

Rupert Heathcote had not been tongue-tied during those last weeks that had passed before Olive was strong enough to travel down to the coast. He had very quickly pierced through the web of mystery that surrounded the new owner of Narakota.

Dick had never so much as mentioned Mrs. Beresford to his wife, or hinted that A. K. Brydon was a name that concealed the identity of a woman.

But Rupert Heathcote had been by no means so reticent.

## THE LETTER.

OLIVE stood at the window of her bedroom and looked out over the sunlit garden. A blackbird was fluting in the apple tree whose gnarled branches nearly touched the old diamond panes, and the air was sweet with the scent of newly-mown grass.

It had been a delightful thought of Mrs. Heathcote to allot this room to her—not one of the stately guest rooms with their rare old furniture, but this room that had been Dick's over a boy's room, full of a boy's treasures . . . every simple bit of furniture, every book and picture, each with its own tale to tell to her of the absent man. Of the man she loved. . . Olive had been at Richmond for nearly two months now, and during that time much had come to her. Here in the quiet and calm of Dick's old home she had found time to add to the list of her thoughts, and had learned to see things in their true perspective.

And one of the things she had learned beyond all doubt was the true state of her own heart.

In that short time in Africa she had learned to love Richard Heathcote. Not as she had once loved the other man—she would never love like that again. Such love comes only to the very young, is compounded of the glamour and imagination of youth. But as women love who have come to know the true value of the world and the meaning of life.

She was thinking of him and of this knowledge she had gained, looking into the garden where once she had stood by Rupert's side, and felt her whole being thrill in response to the love she had imagined—but which had not existed.

She must write and tell Dick the truth. The truth as he knew it no longer existed. It had been no mistake that had sent her out to Africa to marry him, rather some wonderful interposition of providence.

She must write and tell Dick that. Tell him she loved him, tell him how she longed for him and waited for him here in this old dreaming house that had been his home.

(Continued on page 11.)

## WAR WORKERS AND HEADACHE.

Headaches are very common now amongst the thousands and thousands who are engaged upon war work. In some cases it is due to long hours of standing, in others to a complete lack of recreation, or it may be caused by worry and anxiety. But no matter; what is wanted is a cure, something really certain and reliable. Zox, for instance, that old and well-tried remedy. One tiny Zox powder—just one—cures an attack of headache in a few minutes. Get a supply of Zox in a shilling or 2s. 6d. box from Chemists, Stores, etc., or post free from the Zox Co., Hatton Garden, London, E.C. Two powders free to all who send a stamped addressed envelope.—(Advt.)

## A HAPPY CHILD IN A FEW HOURS!

When Cross, Constipated, or if Feverish, give "California Syrup of Figs," Then Don't Worry.

Mothers can rest easy after giving "California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all the clogged-up waste-matter, sour bile and fermenting food gently move out of the bowels, and you have a healthy, playful child again. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become tightly packed, and then the liver gets sluggish and the stomach disordered.



When cross, feverish, restless, see if the tongue is coated; then give this delicious "fruit laxative." Children love it, and it cannot cause injury. No matter what ails your little one—if "stuffy" with a cold or a sore throat, or diarrhoea, stomach-ache, and tainted breath, remember, a gentle "inside cleansing" should always be the first treatment given. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are printed on each bottle.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all leading chemists, 1/3 and 2/- per bottle.—(Advt.)

**Delicious WHITSTABLE NATIVE OYSTERS**  
4/6 and 6/6 per 100  
2/6 and 3/6 for 50.

Direct from the famous Whitstable beds to your door. Carriage paid to any part.

**T. POWER, THE GROTTO FISHERIES, 21, Oxford Street, WHITSTABLE.**

## RECIPE TO STOP DANDRUFF.

This Home-made Mixture Stops Dandruff and Falling Hair and Aids Its Growth.

To a half-pint of water add:

Bay Rum ..... 1 oz.  
Orlex Compound ..... a small box.  
Glycerine ..... ½ oz.

These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any chemist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used. A half-pint should be enough to rid the head of dandruff and kill the dandruff germs. It stops the hair from falling out, and relieves itching and scalp diseases.

Although it is not a dye, it acts upon the hair roots and will darken streaked, faded, grey hair in 10 or 15 days. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.—(Advt.)

**MAZDA**  
DRAWN WIRE  
**ELECTRIC LAMPS**  
The ideal lamp for Home Lighting  
BRITISH MADE



Mr. Joynton Hicks.

**The Air**

I told you that air was going to weigh heavily on the conscience of Parliament in the near future, and you will find my prophecy justified. Mr. Joynton Hicks, whom some people have spoken of as a possible Air Minister, is taking a hand with an air amendment to the Address. And Mr. Warwick Brookes has something strong to say on the matter also.

**The New Session.**

For the first time for fourteen years Parliament was yesterday opened by Royal Commission. I was among the small band of spectators who saw the ceremony. Five peers in robes of crimson and ermine represented the Throne, and all looked very picturesque. I thought the Lord Chancellor in particular was the personification of dignity and distinction.

**The Prime Minister's Health.**

The feature of last night's debate in the House of Commons—the first of the session—was the Prime Minister's call to the nation to abandon luxuries, a call, by the way, to which the House listened in dead silence. I thought Mr. Asquith was looking wonderfully well, but his voice was a little less resonant than usual and here and there he became almost inaudible.

**A Promising Politician.**

What a splendid compliment Mr. Asquith paid to Mr. Ian Macpherson, the mover of the Address! That he voiced the opinion of the House was evident from the general cheers with which the compliment was received. Mr. Macpherson, a black-haired, intellectual-looking young man, has done a lot of good work since the beginning of the war as private secretary to Mr. Tennant, and has won golden opinions from all with whom he has been brought into touch.

**#A Hut-Club.**

The opening of the Little Theatre at a "hut? club? theatre for soldiers?—what shall we call it?" (as Princess Victoria remarked in making the declaration) was a curious mixture of prayer meeting and comic concert. Between came a charming little speech by the Princess and a speech on compulsion from Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd. So we got a little of everything.

**A General View.**

Princess Victoria took the same tea as the soldiers get, chatted with the men who were waiting for it, admired the rose tulips and rose pinafors and finally went upstairs to the gallery and down to the wings to see the sleeping and cooking arrangements.

**Cairo Chat.**

I've been hearing all the latest Cairo news from a young friend stationed there. He tells me much of the popularity of Mr. Wedgwood Benn, our blockade M.P., who dines nightly at General Taylor's mess. The other night he was heard to ask there for a book on heredity. Messroom conversation has changed a lot since the war, hasn't it? Fancy a pre-war mess discussing science!

**Dancing at Shepherd's.**

This same correspondent of mine says he is constantly coming across the new Lady Loughborough's soldier brother—"a typical Australian," he calls him. These Australians are very much in evidence at the weekly Shepherd's dances, but they do not appear to be very polished fox-trotters or hesitators."

**They Hate the Bishop.**

The best-hated man in the world at the moment is the Bishop of London. Almost every enemy newspaper is full of columns of abuse—vindictive, sarcastic and oratorical—because the Bishop supported the men of the trawler King Stephen, who would have nothing to do with the L.19.

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

**Martyr to Duty.**

"I knew Lord Ridley very well indeed," writes a political correspondent, "and frequent meetings over a period of years enabled me to appreciate him all the more. It can truly be said that Lord Ridley was a martyr to duty. He was not what can strictly be termed a 'clever' man—there were no brilliant flashes of wit. But he was typically English in his passionate adherence to principles.

**"I Hate Arithmetic."**

"A few years ago I spent an afternoon in his beautiful study in Carlton House-terrace, the great windows of which look down to the Park. He was surrounded by hundreds of letters and documents, all dealing with tariff reform problems. 'You know,' he said to me, 'I hate arithmetic and figures, and they are always giving me headaches. But I know that tariff reform will be vital for us in a few years, and so I force myself to study these figures.'"

**The Margarine League.**

Pretty Lady Greville is one of the league who, for economy's sake, eat margarine instead of butter. She announced the fact at lunch the other day. By the way, although she is so slim she has a horror of adipose tissue and ate her meal standing and took several brisk little "turns" as exercise afterwards.

**The Two Arts Concert.**

We are all looking forward to the Two Arts Concert, which is to be held at the Queen's Hall on February 24 in aid of the *Evening News* British Prisoners of War Fund. Queen Alexandra heads the list of patronesses, which is the most representative I have ever seen. The list of artists is also remarkable.



Miss Connie Bee.

**The Bright Bee.**

One of the most interesting features of the concert promises to be a performance by an exceptionally gifted young violinist in the person of little Miss Connie Bee. This young artist comes from Yorkshire. Many players of thrice her years may envy her faultless sense of rhythm and immaculate intonation.

**Titles That Die with First Holders.**

It is curious that the titles of Alverstone and Welby are extinct, inasmuch that titles for eminence in the law and politics seem to have a habit of dying with the first holder. For example, a viscountcy, which is often given for particular distinction, the following holders of that title are without heirs, namely:—Bryce, Gladstone, Haldane, Milner and Morley.

**Quill-Trimmed.**

Paquin tells me that beige and blue form the new combination of colour for the spring. I was also told that quills are to be a favourite form of hat trimming, and lo, before I had walked more than a few yards from Doverstreet this was demonstrated, for I met Lady Diana Manners in a quill-trimmed hat.

**At Grosvenor House.**

Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria were present at the concert given at Grosvenor House yesterday for funds for the British Women's Hospital. There was a good programme, and I especially liked Denise Orme's (Lady Churston) song, to which she played a violin obligato, Mlle. Dorziat's recitation, Miss Isold Meuge's fiddling and Lady Maud Warrender's magnificent rendering of an "Irish Battle Hymn," which was emphatically applauded by the Queen. In the audience I noticed Muriel Lady Helmsley, Lady Clonmel (beautiful in black), Lady Limerick, Sir George Warrender and many other notables.

**Notabilities.**

Lady Forbes Robertson in orchid mauve hovered about the corridors, and among the programme sellers I saw Miss Violet Warrender in marine-blue silk, Lady Mainwaring in powder-blue and black, Lady Diana Manners, quite recovered from her cold, Miss Joan Poynder and tall Miss Violet de Trafford. I didn't see Miss Elizabeth Asquith, although she was "billed."

**The Golder's Green Rush.**

The rush for seats to view the great boxing matches between Wells and Smith, and O'Keefe and Sullivan at the Golder's Green Hippodrome next Monday recalls the remarkable scenes which preceded the match between Carpenter and Gunboat Smith. The war has not killed the public's love of boxing.

**Sergeant Burge's View.**

"I think that the war has, if anything, stimulated the British public's love of the sport," said Sergeant Dick Burge, the promoter, to me yesterday. "You see, the Army has introduced tens of thousands of young men to boxing gloves who had never had them on before. Yes, it is now truly the national game."

**Plague of Fortune-Tellers.**

Germany is apparently suffering from a plague of fortune-tellers—mainly women. The police have rounded up a number of them in Berlin, and long terms of imprisonment are threatened. Presumably the Germans are beginning to want to know when they are going to win the war.

**Milk and Art.**

I hear that Miss Mary Pickford has been offered a large fee to lend her name to a new brand of condensed milk. So far the Famous Players star has not been able to see it.

**Tree as Macbeth.**

A friend of mine in the movie world tells me that Miss Constance Collier has been selected to play Lady Macbeth in support of Sir Herbert Tree in the Fine Arts Film Company's version of the Shakespearean play.

**Ornate.**

A friend has just shown me a beautiful gift book received from Elinor Glyn. She is a connoisseur of bindings, and designs most of her own, getting them carried out in London. As one would rather expect from her writings, they are strangely gorgeous both in design and colouring.



Miss Irene Russell.

**A Clever Dancer.**

This is Miss Irene Russell, who is appearing with ever so much success at the Gaiety Theatre in "To-night's the Night." Miss Russell is an exceptionally clever dancer, and she possesses a charming voice. I first saw her with Mr. Seymour Hicks in "Broadway Jones."

**No, Certainly Not!**

"I say, dad," said Tommy, "when a man wears his armet as a cuff does that mean he is going to be a sergeant-major?"

**Mr. Martin Harvey's Next.**

I hear that Mr. Martin Harvey's next play will be "Henry V.," and that it will probably start in the provinces. He will then challenge comparison with the late Lewis Waller in a great part.

**Son and Daughter.**

Mr. Martin Harvey's daughter (known as "Diddie" to her friends) is busy acting for the pictures, and has been for the last six months. She is a great success, having talent in addition to good looks and is only twenty-three. Young Mr. Harvey, who is only seventeen, is in the R.A.M.C.

**Mining-lane, Please Note.**

I have noticed during the last week in enemy newspapers a large number of advertisements for pepper. Mining-lane will doubtless be on its guard. THE RAMBLER.

## SOLDIER, NURSE AND—

**SANAPHOS**

MY ALLIES

**THE IDEAL RECONSTRUCTIVE NERVE FOOD**

A VALUABLE RESTORATIVE IN NEURASTHENIA, NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA AND ANEMIA

### TRIAL PACKAGE FREE TO READERS.

Every reader is asked to write for a trial package of the food that is doing such wonders for wounded, worn-out and nerve-shattered soldiers; rebuilding flesh, strength, nerve and brain-energy with a speed that is amazing, and aiding their restoration to perfect fitness. "Sanaphos" (which is All-British, and must not be confused with German-owned preparations) is wholly digestible, and its benefit is felt almost at once. Besides restoring strength and muscle, it contains the elements wanted by tired, underfed nerves; elements not present in sufficient quantities in ordinary food. If you wake up tired, if you are sleepless, run-down, nervous or depressed write to-day for this trial package. You will be amazed at the improvement after a few days of "Sanaphos." Mention that you are a reader of this paper, and the package will be sent to you free and post paid. The address is: The British Milk Products Co., Ltd., 69, Mark-lane, London, E.C. Sir William Taylor, Surgeon-General of the Forces, is chairman of the company. "Sanaphos" can now be had of chemists, in tins, from 1s. To avoid confusion with German-owned products, always emphasise the last part of the name—"SanAPHOS."

## DOMESTIC SERVANTS

of the Best Class are to be obtained through the advertisement columns of

**The Times.**

**HIMROD'S**

**ASTHMA CURE**

"It Worked Like a Charm"

where 4/3 a tin.

For asthma, catarrh, ordinary coughs and colds, you will find immediate relief with Himrod's Asthma Cure.

At chemists every-where 4/3 a tin.

Your chemist can obtain a free sample for you. Ask for it.



General Cousins decorating his son for bravery at the Invalides, Paris.

## NEWS ITEMS.

## Mr. Andrew Fisher at Privy Council.

At the Privy Council held yesterday by the King Mr. Andrew Fisher, who was appointed two or three years ago, was sworn in.

## 100,000 Silk Handkerchiefs for Navy.

Tenders for 60,000 and 40,000 silk handkerchiefs for the Navy were accepted by the Admiralty yesterday.

## Sunday Out for War Prisoners.

Prisoners of war in Leipzig, says the Central News, have been authorised to go for walks on Sundays under military escort.

## Callipoli Hero's Homecoming.

General Byng, who took so great a part in the Gallipoli evacuation, says Heuter, is on his way home and arrived at Marseilles on Monday.

## Wants News of Soldier Son.

Mrs. J. Barnard, Knapp Farm, Haslingfield, Cambs., would be glad to have news of her son, Private G. Barnard, No. 11,342, A Company, 6th Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers, missing since September 27.

## NO GOLDEN BILLETS.

Mr. T. Gibson Bowles issued yesterday the correspondence which has passed between himself and Mr. Lloyd George. In his recent speech the former said: "Mr. Lloyd George perorated about silver bullets for the enemy and provided golden billets for his friends."

Asked by Mr. Lloyd George to supply a list of these friends, Mr. Bowles withdraws the phrase and expresses regret for having used it. Mr. Lloyd George, in a further letter, points out that he has not appointed any acquaintance, let alone friend, to any salaried position.

## ROYAL ASSASSINS.

A verdict of Wilful murder against the Kaiser and Crown Prince, returned yesterday at an inquest on the body of a young woman killed in Staffordshire during the air raid, was criticised by the coroner.

The coroner pointed out that he had no method of service against the Kaiser or the Crown Prince, nor was it possible to take proceedings against them.

He added that he did not propose to commit for trial the German Emperor or his son, but the jury declined to alter their verdict.

New York, Feb. 15.—The promoters of the boxing match arranged between Jess Willard and Frank Moran have granted Willard's request for a postponement owing to his present indisposition. The contest will take place at Madison-square Gardens on March 4.—Central News.

## WATERLOO CUP TO-DAY.

The Waterloo Cup, the great event of the coursing season, begins at Altcar to-day, when the first and second rounds—forty-eight courses in all—will be decided.

One of the most interesting courses in the first round should be that between Harmonicon and Trench Digger, both of which are considerably fancied. The first-named, indeed, has been favourite since betting opened, but Sir Thomas Dewar's dog has also plenty of admirers.

Trench Digger's kennel companion, The Diard, will meet the Grand Duke Nicholas's Deliver II. Hopack, another of the fancied candidates, should win his course with Kantara II, and Sir R. W. B. Jardine's puppy, Jessop, which will be making its first appearance in public, is also well drawn with Happy Lad.

Colonel Leath's High Legh Teaser, which is regarded as one of the best outsiders, is drawn with Golden Sabre, and Mr. Fawcett's False Forecast is paired with Borrowed Plume.

Mr. Oscar Asche, the well-known actor, will be represented by Over Anxious, which meets Wool-stapler in the first round.

With the exception of Lusory, whose opponent in the first round will be Lotus Bud, all the leading fancies are reported well, and some splendid sport is promised.

In the betting at night Hopack was made favourite and closed at 8 to 1. There was much money for False Prophet at 100 to 12, and Jessop (100 to 7) and High Legh Teaser (100 to 6) were also greatly fancied.

## LOVE ME FOR EVER.

(Continued from page 9.)

A tender smile tilted the corners of her lips. She turned back from the window and sat down at the ink-stained desk where Dick had so often sat.

Here were his initials cut deeply and clumsily in the wood, and an old tartan penholder.

She would tell Dick in her letter that she had written with this very pen. She leaned on the desk and stared out of the window, her thoughts truant, as his thoughts in the past must so often have been—away out in the sunlight garden, far from the lessons and work that held him chained here in the house.

With an effort she turned back to the paper before her and wrote one word: "Dick."

A knock at the door behind her startled her so much that her pen quivered a little, and the tail of the "K" in Dick trailed off into a little spidery line.

It was Mrs. Heathcote who came into the room. "She held a letter in her hand."

"I thought you would forgive me for disturbing you, Olive dear," she said. "The African mail has just come in and there are letters for us. But yours, Olive dear—is not from Dick."

She paused. "I hope that doesn't mean bad news for—us both."

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

## How to Treat Your Hair and Complexion.

## A Few Simple Beauty Hints.

By Mlle. GABY DESLYS, the Well-known Parisian Actress.

YOU ask me for a few hints on the treatment of the hair and complexion. Well, the less "treatment" you give the skin the better. I do not believe much in massage, but a little cream to the face is necessary to counteract the effects of wind or sun. What cream would I recommend? Well, I advise you to use a little mercolized wax every night and again in the morning after washing the face. Rub it gently into the skin, then wipe off any superfluous wax and dust a little barri-agar over the face. You will find that this will be the only "treatment" necessary and will keep your face fresh and youthful-looking for all your life. The mercolized wax removes all the dead outer skin, so that you have always a fair, fresh complexion, like a girl's.

For the hair, the first and most important thing is a good shampoo. Never use anything inferior to wash the hair with. Get some good stallax from your chemist and use a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. Then rinse the hair well and it will look bright and glossy. A tonic is necessary when the hair is inclined to fall out more than it should, and is always good to use during the spring and autumn. Then the hair needs a little—what do you call it?—stimulant, and for this I would advise you to get a packet of boranum and mix it with some bay rum; dab this into the roots and it will not only stop the fall, but make your hair grow long and thick. Give your hair a good brushing every night and that will be all that you need do.



Photo: Wraith &amp; Buys.

Gaby Deslys

## Blackheads Fly Away.

## Instantaneous Remedy for Blackheads, Greasy Skin, and Enlarged Pores.

A practically instantaneous remedy for blackheads, greasy skins and enlarged pores, recently discovered, is now coming into general use in the boudoir. It is very simple, harmless and pleasant. Drop a stymol tablet, obtained at the chemists, in a tumbler full of hot water. After the effervescence has subsided bathe the face in the liquid, using a small sponge or soft cloth. In a few

minutes dry the face and the offensive blackheads will come right off on the towel. Also the large oily pores immediately close up and efface themselves naturally. The greasiness disappears and the skin is left smooth, soft and cool. This simple treatment is then repeated a few times at intervals of four or five days to ensure the permanence of the result.

## Grey Hair—Home Remedy.

## An old-fashioned Recipe restores Youthful Appearance.

There are plenty of reasons why grey hair is not desirable and plenty of reasons why hair dyes should not be used. But, on the other hand, there is no reason why you should have grey hair if you do not want it. To turn the hair back to a natural colour is really a very simple matter. One has only to get from the chemist two ounces of concen-

trate of tammalite and mix it with three ounces of bay rum. Apply to the hair with a small sponge for a few nights and the greyness will gradually disappear. This liquid is not sticky or greasy and does not injure the hair in any way. It has been used for generations with most satisfactory results by those who have known the formula.

## To Kill Roots of Superfluous Hair.

## The most Effective Formula ever Discovered.

Women annoyed with disfiguring growths of superfluous hair wish to know not merely how to temporarily remove the hair, but how to kill the hair roots permanently. For this purpose pure powdered phenol may be applied directly to the objectionable hair

growth. The recommended treatment is designed not only to instantly remove the hair but also to actually kill the roots so that the growth will not return. About an ounce of phenol, obtainable from the chemist, should be sufficient.

## Good News for Fat People.

## Something New in Obesity Cures.

A London chemist says: "The latest method of reducing obesity certainly is far more pleasant and convenient than all previous methods. It consists merely in eating clyno berries. The fat person who wants to reduce without the usual rigid diet, exercise, sweating baths, etc., now puts a few of these little brown berries in his or her pocket and eats three or four each day.

Clyno berries not only eliminate fat from the body, but also correct the tendency, which

is usually constitutional, to create fatty matter. No discomfort whatever is caused by their action, in fact, except for the loss of superfluous fat, and the feeling of "fitness" so created, you would not be aware that these little berries were doing their work.

Local enquiry shows that clyno berries are not very well known in England, but the demand is increasing daily, and any chemist can quickly procure them if specially requested to do so.

## MANSION POLISH

## Your Bedroom Furniture

will immediately assume an appearance of cleanliness and brilliance when cleaned by MANSION POLLY, the Busy Bee. Her wonderful

**MANSION POLISH,** the superior wax preparation, imparts a brilliant enduring shine to all the Furniture, Linoleum and Stained or Parquet Floors throughout the house. NOW is the time to engage the services of Mansion Polly, for it is essential that your home surroundings should be bright and cheery, to counteract the gloom of outside influences. Ask your dealer to-day for Mansion Polish—it is so quick, clean and economical in use!

Tins 1d., 6d., 4d., 2d. and 1d. AS FSD AL. Chiswick Polish Co., Ltd., Chiswick, W. Makers of Cherry Blossom Foot Polish.



**Rowntree's**  
**Elect Cocoa**  
increases  
**Strength and Energy**

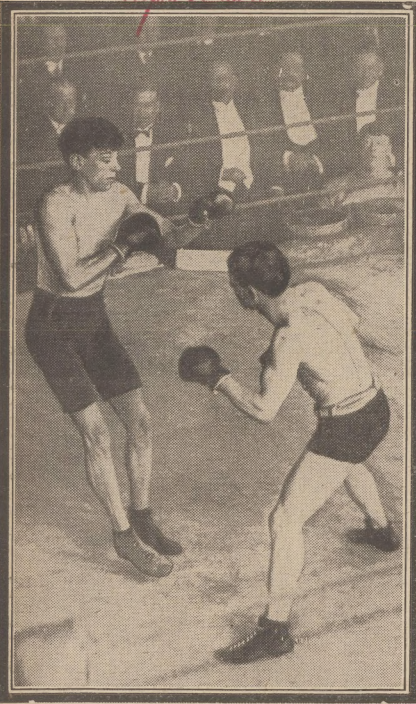
"Wanted—A Napoleon:" By Dr. E. J. Dillon, in "Sunday Pictorial"

# The Daily Mirror

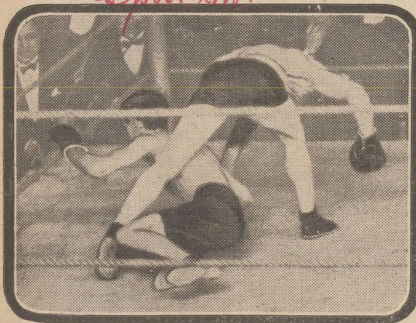
CERTIFIED, CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

DID YOU FORGET IT?—You have the alternative of sending him the OVERSEAS WEEKLY MIRROR either by subscription or ordering the paper from your newsagent, 8d. per copy; 13 weeks post paid 7s. 6d., to the Manager, 23-29, Bouverie-street, London.

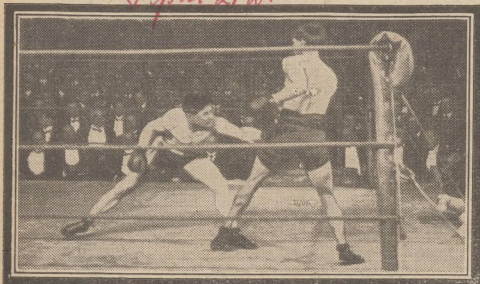
## WILDE BECOMES FLY-WEIGHT CHAMPION: A GREAT CONTEST WITH SYMONDS.



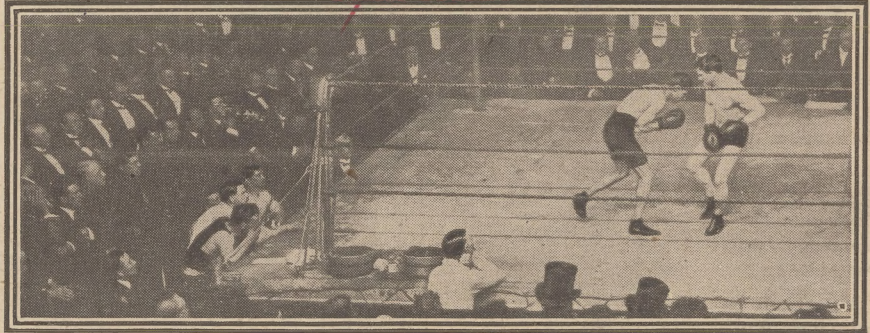
Wilde dodging back to avoid a swing.



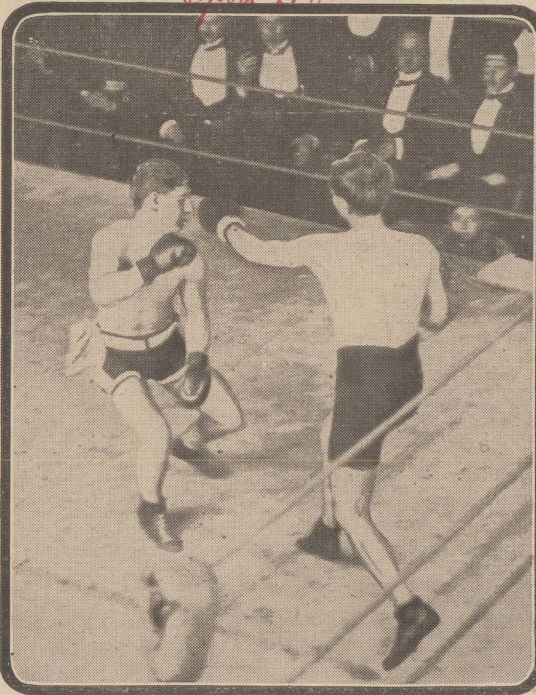
Wilde slips. Symonds helped him up.



Out of range. How Wilde avoided his opponent's left.



General view of the ring, showing Symonds on right. Wilde's seconds (on left) are anxiously watching the contest.



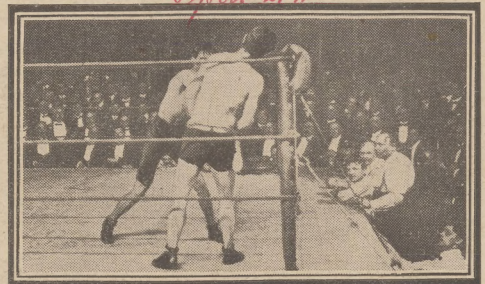
A left lead by Wilde which Symonds just dodges.



Wilde leaving the ring.



Jimmy Wilde.



Just before the end. Symonds hammered to a standstill.

A great exhibition of scientific boxing was seen at the National Sporting Club on Monday night, when Jimmy Wilde met Young Symonds for the fly-weight championship, which carries with it the Lonsdale belt. Symonds, the holder, though he gave a

very fine display, was beaten, and retired in the twelfth round. There was a scene of great enthusiasm when the end came. The Welsh spectators rose to their feet and with one accord sang "Land of My Fathers."—(Daily Mirror photographs.)